

# Out of the Tulgey Wood

by Warrior Nun

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Pairings: Toothless/Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-13 06:55:59

Updated: 2014-05-19 10:52:40

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:33:30

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 14,852

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The village of Berk will never be the same after the arrival of one of the most feared beasts known to man...the Jabberwock.

Toothless, to Hiccup. May the Gods have mercy on them. Set after Jabberwocky CURRENTLY ON HOLD

## 1. Chapter 1: Toothless and Hiccup

Since there are some people who wanted to see the sequel to Jabberwocky, here it is. This takes place after Hiccup brought Toothless back to his village.

Pairing(s): ToothCup, one-sided Astrid/Hiccup (maybe), one-sided Vorp(OC)/Hiccup (?)

Warning(s): Slash/yaoi, possible violence in any form, strong language, any case of sudden Out of Character moments

Disclaimer: I do not own either How to Train Your Dragon or Jabberwocky, they are respectively owned by Cressida Cowell, Dreamworks, and Lewis Carroll. OCs, on the other hand, I do hold rights to.

Thanks to my beta: Gabriel Nichole

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 1<p>

Hiccup sighed as he felt the sun's rays upon his face, the birds chirp oh-so cheerfully outside. He was about to sit up and stretch out his arms but felt himself being restrained, at least around the waist area. Hiccup grope around what is holding him, from what he is feeling that the texture is smooth and soft but yet firm. His suspicions are answered when he heard a sigh behind him as he felt

himself being pulled closer to a something strong and bare.

"It's too earlyâ€|sleepâ€|" he heard a familiar groggy voice behind him.

The auburn haired youth turned his neck enough to see the familiar mop of dark hair and the olive-toned skin that left bare by the sheets. A murmur escaped from his lips as he nuzzled against Hiccup's hair, inhaling his natural scent.

Oh, he remembered nowâ€|

It was only 24 hours ago, but he brought in the infamous king of the Tulgey Wood, the Jabberwock. Also known as Toothlessâ€|

Long story, that is for another time.

He remembered how shocked his father and the rest of the Berk village were when he brought the Jabberwock in after accepting the bet from his cousin, Snotlout, the night before. The wager is that if he wanted to be part of Snotlout's group, he had to journey into the Tulgey Wood alone to take down the Jabberwock, only to bring either its head or heart back to the village as proof. After the wholeâ€|brouhaha, for the better lack of word, in the Tumtum Tree oasis- the heart of the Tulgey Wood- Hiccup chose the alternative:

He brought back his heart, figuratively speaking.

Of course, whether or not that he is officially part of Snotlout's groupâ€|he no longer gives a damn about it. Right now is that he had to deal with the fact that his village are gossiping on whether or not that this is either a hoax or some kind of trickery or what-not. Since it is understandable that no one had seen the Jabberwock's appearance for who knows how many yearsâ€|centuries even. And after telling his story so many times when he got back, he was emotionally drained.

Hiccup blinked out of his thoughts when he felt the arm tighten around his waist a bit, as Toothless cuddled him his make-shift teddy bear. He sighed throughout his nose and figured that another few minutes of sleep wouldn't hurt.

After all, nothing much is going to go on today.

Right?

\* \* \*

><p>Please comment and review, flames will be used for barbeque.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2: Stoick

A thousand thanks to Gabriel Nichole

\* \* \*

><p>Out of the Tulgey Wood chapter 2<p>

Six hours ago, Tumtum Tree - the Heart of the Tulgey Woodâ€|

Hiccup lost all will to fight as he allowed the man that claimed to be the Jabberwock kiss him. This is not what he expected his first kiss would be like. He always fantasizes his first kiss with Astrid, though she would rather have a mugful of her own mixture of yaknog that she made last year than spend time with him. Plus, he didn't expect himself being fancied by a man and vice versa. Who is also a legendary dragonâ€|but that fact doesn'tâ€|bother him muchâ€|right nowâ€|

Oh, headâ€|is getting fuzzy.

Toothless held the waif-like boy close as he had his way with the boy's lips. He held the lip lock for a while until after five minutes let go to catch his breath. The dragon was quite pleased as he watched Hiccup pant from the long kiss. Seeing his cheeks red was quite an arousing sight.

Perhaps it was the Gods' gift to himâ€|how else was he able to find his domain?

"You're so adorable, little one." Toothless said with a smile.

Hiccup blushed deeply as he looked away. "Sh-shut up!" he tried to sound angry, trying to show that he didn't enjoy it. But his whole face and body betrayed him. Gods...where did this guy learn how to kiss like that?!

Hell, he almost forgot who Astrid is!

"Oh, come now. Don't be that way. I really mean it. You're too cute for words, Hiccup." Toothless purred as he lifted the boy's chin to gaze into his eyes.

Hiccup looked up, feeling the sensation of being lost in the toxic green of the latter's eyes; young and mischievous yet held infinite knowledge of the world. How could a creature such as the one in front of him be contrary to what he heard from stories?

"Well...if you put it that way...you're not quite bad-looking yourself..."

Is that the best he got?!

Not quite bad-looking?!

A pleasant laugh escaped from his lips as Toothless placed his hands upon the latter's hips, taking note that he seemed quite curvy. "Thank you very much. I try to look my best," then he gazed down at him with half-hooded eyes, smiling charmingly at him. "Now then, shall we be on our way?"

"Yes." The smaller boy replied softly. Somehow he knew what the dragon was thinking, since he risked life and limb to actually find this place, it makes sense that he was giving him some sort of reward. Whether or not he was going to keep it on his end, wellâ€|it's a gamble that he was willing to take.

Toothless smiled before snapping his fingers, Hiccup felt the ground shake a bit before looking over to see that another set of stepping stones rose up as a medium portion of the wall slid down to reveal a door. He stared in bafflement before turning to the dragon, who in turn simply smirked.

"Magic," he simply said.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Of courseâ€|" he muttered sarcastically, allowing the taller teen to lead him into the tunnel.

He knew that he was throwing caution to the wind, but what is wrong with taking a blind leap of faith?

\* \* \*

><p>Presentâ€|<p>

"That's impossible, there is no way that the man that Hiccup brought along with him couldn't be the Jabberwock!"

The members of the village council, including the village elder, have gathered in the Great Hall for a meeting, concerning about the man that Hiccup brought with him and the fact that he claimed that it was indeed the feared beast of Tulgey Wood. Stoick stood in front of the roaring center pyre as theories and disbelief arose around him. Like his given name, he stood impassively with his beefy arms crossed over his chest. But internally, he was asking all questions, but gained no straight answer.

He and Gobber barely escaped the jaws of the Bandersnatchâ€|almost had his friend killed by the Jub Jub Birdâ€|there is even that one incident that a small blue creature that has stolen their socks, only the left ones though. Even to this day, Gobber still had no idea why, but that doesn't stop him from suiting up and arming himself with his trusted and favorite mace in order to hunt down that creature. He even named the said weapon Veraâ€|

But that was not the point.

The point concerns about this young man that claimed to be the Jabberwock, who is currently taken up residence in his house.

And right at this moment, in his son's bed.

Oh, how he reacted when thisâ€|\_beast\_â€|suggested that he should share the same bed as Hiccup last nightâ€|

-Last night-

"You want to WHAT?!"

Hiccup flinched at the bellowing voice that his father was well known for. Toothless, on the other hand, just cleared out one of his ears with his little finger, looking bored.

"You heard me, Haddockâ€|" he spoke casually, ignoring the look of ire on the larger human's face. "I would like to share a bed with Hiccup."

A growl escaped from the chief's lips as he glared daggers at the so-called legendary dragon, who just simply flicks a speck off of his finger somewhere. Howâ€¦\_DARE\_ thisâ€¦thisâ€¦devil show him disrespect!? He is Stoick Haddock the Vast, the Chief of Berk village, and yet this man, the most powerful of the Tulgey Wood beasts and a feared dragon, even requested to share the same bed as his son?

With the gods in Heaven as his witnesses, he will not falter! Not before, and not tonight. "You think you could waltz in my villageâ€¦"

"Technically, I escorted my sweet Hiccup back here this morning," Toothless cut in, still sounding unimpressed.

Stoick ignored that as he continued. "Claim that you are the Jabberwockâ€¦"

"I am."

"And yet you think that you have the right to demand that you wanted to actually sleep with my SON!?"

The dark haired youth stared up at the larger man, whose face was becoming the same shade as his hair and beard. He was breathing heavily after reaching up to an outburst, resembling a bull that came across a waving flag at the wrong time. After what seemed like a few moments, Toothless finally spoke up.

"Well, yeah. I \_am\_ the Tulgey Wood King."

Hiccup was surprised on how relaxed Toothless' tone sounded; it was as if since he has the said rank, he was expecting some special treatment. He could pick up a hint of humor in his voice, relishing on spreading ire in his father. Needless to say that it was rather bold of himâ€¦

But then again, Toothless is not really humanâ€¦

Stoick, on the other hand, doesn't seem amused. In fact, his face has an interesting shade of puce while looking like he was about to explode at any minute. Hiccup softly gulped as he shifted his gaze on his father and hisâ€¦destined partner (for a better lack of definition).

"Youâ€¦you DEVIL!" he practically roared, making Hiccup winced. He could wake up the entire village with that voice; it was louder than a roar of any kind of beast known to man. However, Toothless stood his ground, not looking at least affected by the sheer sound. "I don't care if you are the Jabberwock or not, I will not let you have your way while you're in my village. Especially not tonight!"

The dark-haired man blinked before his eyes narrowed into a bone-chilling glare, it might be Hiccup's imagination, but he could have sworn that the pupils in Toothless' eyes became slit like a cat's.

"Soâ€¦you don't care if I'm the real deal or not, is that right?" his voice was now low and dangerous, devoid of any sign of the teasing

humor. Hiccup glanced over to his father, who stiffened up. He had never seen him scared before; this man is known for staring Death right in the face and laugh at the possibility of him dying early in this life. But yetâ€|Toothless hereâ€|at least more than a half of the body mass, managed to pierce fear right into him.

However, like Stoick said, he won't stand Toothless of having his way, not even for tonight. Going against any form of reason, he reached for his hidden dagger and quickly aimed it at the arrogant man's jugular, ignoring Hiccup's cry of shock.

What he doesn't expect was the dark haired man to not only pushing his son out of the way, but also grabbing his wrist within a blink of an eye. Then with a quick and harsh twist, the larger man found himself face to face with the floorboards with Toothless holding him in a tight hammerlock, feeling his fingers on the back of his throat to keep him secured. He tried to make an attempt to get up, but the younger man kept him down in the hold.

He is quite strong, for someone so thin.

"D-damn youâ€|" he cursed before felt himself being pressed down further to the floor.

From the corner of his eye, Stoick would see the threatening glare from Toothless; his eyes are enough to kill a man. Even when they're slit like a cat's or a reptile'sâ€|

"Now listen to me, you stubborn jackassâ€|" he heard Toothless growled out. "I've been around here a lot longer even before your kind decided to make this part of the woods your turf. And so far, I have to tolerate the fact that you and your friends have to galumph around in my territory like you own the place."

Then Stoick felt something sharp pricking the skin of his thick neck. It was amazing that he didn't react at the fact that he was feeling claws.

"But if you won't let me indulge my needsâ€|that is when I stop playing nice." A smile split his face, revealing a mouthful of sharp-looking teeth.

"And I highly doubt that you would like itâ€|"

That is when Hiccup decided that he was quiet long enough, now that they both have their sayâ€|time for his!

He strides over to them and dared to place his hands upon Toothless' shoulders, despite the possibility of him might get slashed.

"Toothless, please enough of this," Hiccup spoke in a firm and steady tone, despite feeling fear. "I know that my father can have someâ€|stubborn issuesâ€|but I think this would be better if we're all allies instead of enemies? That way, we can earn benefits from each other, if possibleâ€|"

The dark haired man looked over to him from the corner of his eye, never loosening his grip on his father even for a fraction. He felt Toothless' eyes bore into him for at least 50 seconds (yes, he

countedâ€¦) until a sigh escaped from his lips and he turned to him with an apologetic smile.

"You're rightâ€¦I didn't act nice as I promised and had my temper get the best of me. I'm sorry, Hic." Then he finally released his hold on Stoick's neck, lifting his weight off of the larger man. The chief stared up at him in confusion as Toothless offers him a hand.

"And I apologize on my actions, sirâ€¦now, about the sleeping arrangementâ€¦"

\* \* \*

><p>Presentâ€¦<p>

And in the endâ€¦Stoick the Vast, gave into the damned Devil spawn's demands.

As much it irked him, he had gotten the taste on whyâ€¦Toothlessâ€¦earned his title as the "King of the Tulgey Wood". Admittedly, he was surprised on how easily Hiccup soothed him from killing him. If he hasn't intervened on that nightâ€¦well, Stoick wouldn't be standing here right now.

"Soâ€¦what are we going to do?" Gobber spoke up, breaking his thoughts. "It's yer call."

Stoick could only stare at his oldest friend before turning his attention to the fire, trying to think of a good enough answer.

"What \_can\_ we do?"

"Ahâ€¦ahhhhhh-CHOO!"

Toothless sniffed as he sat up from bed, rubbing his nose a bit. Hiccup sat up as well, looking over at his bedmate with concern.

"You ok?" he asked.

The older teen shrugged in confusion.

"I'm not sureâ€¦it felt like someone's talking about me."

\* \* \*

><p>Ok, now it's up to you folks to decide on which of the lucky Hairy Hooligan get their own chapter on how they reacted :D<p>

That is if you want to and wanted to be surprised, I get it. Please leave a comment or review.

### 3. Chapter 3: Snotlout

This chapter is unedited due to my usual beta just got back from her vacation, and I don't wanna bother her. I apologize if there are some mistakes that I overlooked.

\* \* \*

><p>It was no secret that Snotlout Jorgenson had a certain dislike of his cousin, Hiccup.<p>

Well, to put it bluntly, he had been Hiccup's number one tormenter since they were little kids. There was this one incident that he purposely unleashed the boar pin and had the poor lad heading for the hills in order to outrun the stampede. He made no secret that he wanted to be the village chief because he fit the ideals of a Viking warrior:

Brawns

Muscles

Andâ€|well, brawns

Not to mention that he is responsible for daring Hiccup into slaying the Jabberwock in order to be allowed in to be "accepted", though that is not really possible since Snotlout would be more than likely to not hold up his side of the bargain. However, what he didn't expect was the village outcast to bring back the fabled beast- ALIVE, mind you- and became the talk of the town.

Oh, and the possibility of Chief Stoick Haddock of giving him the Blood Eagle treatment or worse.

Now, he is currently at the Great Hall for breakfastâ€|watching Hiccup flirt with the fabled Jabberwock. At least, it LOOKED like flirting.

Snotlout didn't know what to think- another feat that he failed at- here he is, currently trying to start on his breakfast, trying to make sense of the current situation before him, and the two seemingly ignore the fact that they have an audience around them. He watched as Toothless, that is what he heard from yesterday, kinda stupid in his opinion- stared at the roasted whole fish that he picked up from his own plateful as Hiccup lectures him about something before seeing the dark-haired man tilting his head back a bit and practically chomped the entire fish head off.

Then he started to finish off the rest of it, bones and everything.

While it unnerved most of the people around them, Hiccup, on the other hand seemed to be surprised; intrigued him in fact, he could see the tiny shoulders shook, probably laughing, and said something else as the Jabberwock works on another one.

Who gets intrigued at the sight of a man devouring the entire fish?!

Snotlout gave a good look around the dining room, seeing that no one made a move or a sound, even though that they all have seen the same thing. They just went back to their own business, leaving Hiccup and thatâ€|\_thing\_â€|to their own world. Scoffing at how they are not behaving the Viking way, he decided to take it into his own hands.



He's not a Jorgenson for nothing

\* \* \*

><p>"I still don't get why you have to cook your  
killâ€|"<p>

Toothless studied the burnt piece of fish between his fingers before taking a whiff, grimacing that he didn't smell any of the fresh blood and seawater. Those are the best flavorsâ€|

Hiccup smiled as he picked up his own piece of fish. He glanced over to Toothless' plate and was amazed at the amount. Compared to an average Viking appetite, he could eat three times more than the entire village combined. But then again, he is a dragon after allâ€|

"Well, we humans can't eat things raw, we'll get sick from the bacteria and such," Hiccup explained the best he could. "You, on the other hand, are lucky. You seem to have been built differently than us."

Toothless let out a hum as he took in what Hiccup have said while staring at the dried face of the dead fish. He tilted his back a bit for leverage before lowering the fish down to bite off the entire head. Hiccup blinked in surprise, while still holding his own piece of fish. He found himself not able to look away as Toothless finished off the rest of his meal, not at all bothered by the tiny bones.

"Not that bad," Toothless admitted, licking the oil and fish bits off of his fingers before picking up a whole trout.

Hiccup watched as he devoured the fish before giggling a bit. "See? It's like my Mom used to say, nothing ventured, nothing gained."

The dragon looked over to him, with the fish's tail dangling between his lips. For a legendary beast, he is rather cute in his opinion. "Is that so?" Though to Hiccup's ears, it sounded like "id dats tho."

"Don't talk with your mouthis full," it was a scolding command but still had a teasing tone to it.

Toothless ate what is remaining of his meal before licking his lips and smirked at the smaller boy. "You think you have control over me, aren't ya?" he purred, leering slightly at him. He propped his elbow upon the oak wood table, resting his cheek upon his palm as Toothless gazed at him in a loving fashion. As if taking in all the details of his face in, despite having seen it within a few days.

Hiccup blushed a bit at the implications behind those words, not to mention how tender he sounded. Growing up in Berk, there was an unwritten rule among Vikings that showing emotion is the same as showing weakness. He was amazed that he didn't end up a mopey kid who constantly whines over the littlest of things just because he didn't get enough hugs from his Dad. And that was saying something. But Toothless here, he wasn't afraid to show his interest, and two nights ago, they're quite evident of it.

Click! as it sound, Hiccup honestly never felt this way with anyone in his fourteen years. Even though he could be shameless at times, Toothless kept his (unspoken) word to not bring harm to the village. And so far, he never hurt him as well. Especially whenever they are alone—maybe it was just him, but whenever Toothless spoke to him, there was a slight tenderness in both his voice and his gaze. While he doesn't know the exact nature of their relationship, he has a feeling in his gut that he could trust him. Perhaps—maybe—even lo-

His train of thought suddenly stopped when Hiccup noticed Toothless shifting his gaze shifted over his shoulder, tenderness is now replaced by annoyance and what seemed to be disdain. Someone's behind him—

"Morning, Useless," came the familiar arrogant voice behind him.

Oh, of course—his dear cousin, Snotlout.

A sigh escaped from his lips as he glanced over to the taller teen with disinterest. "Oh, hey, Snotlout—" already his morning was shot. Will it kill this guy to give him at least 30 minutes of peace?

—

Whom was he trying to kid? They're Vikings. Peace and quiet are worse than death to them. (Except for treaty signings, but those aren't important at the moment). Hiccup sighed through his nose, and turned back to his breakfast, hoping (fruitlessly) that his cousin would take a hint, have a few words, and just leave.

"I see that we have this so-called Jabberwock having breakfast with ya."

Gee, when did he notice? When he and Toothless went in, got their food, and sit down?

"Uh, who are you supposed to be?" The dark-haired man finally spoke up, sounding a bit disinterested. He stared up at the teen with cool electric-green eyes.

Like the patrons of the Great Hall, he is quite muscular, even though he is somewhere around Hiccup's age. From the looks of him, he doesn't seem to be well equipped in the brains department. In fact—he doesn't LOOK smart. At all—

Toothless resisted the urge to tract his claws when the brunet smirked hideously. He doesn't know why, but something about him just screamed out "maul me"!

"The name's Snotlout Jorgenson, Berk's future chief!" he gloated, flexing both of his arms to indicate that he is the strongest. Already he have an urge to rip his face off, there is something about him that Toothless really wanted to flay him alive.

"He's also my cousin."

That alone made Toothless double take on Hiccup, lifting his face off of his palm to look at him.

"Wait WHAT?!" he takes a look at Snotlout, and then Hiccup. Then back to Snotlout again. Then to Hiccup once moreâ€|

"I can't see the resemblance."

Hiccup was about to say something but Snotlout already beat him to it.

"I know! I have no idea how I'm related to this weakling. I mean, look at him! It's understandable that he's a pathetic example of a Viking, but he's nothing compared to you."

That is when Hiccup's heart stopped for a minute. Oh dear Godsâ€|he wasn'tâ€|

"You're the Jabberwock that everyone is afraid of?" A scoff followed before he continues. "I always thought that you're some fearsome beast! I guess I was wrong. From what I see if just some weakling pretty boy. And what kind of a name is Toothless anyway? That is so sadâ€|"

â€|He did.

The memories of the encounter from last night emerge as he looked over to Toothless on the corner of his eye. He seemed calm, which is an impressive feat for a powerful creature. However the atmosphere around within the building suddenly grew tense, Hiccup moved his eyes around within his field of vision, seeing everyone that have turned in their seats and stared directly at them. Watchingâ€|waitingâ€|

To see how the fabled Jabberwock react to such prideful jest and what the outcome would be.

What they didn't expect was Toothless was throwing his head back and laugh, and due to the silence, it echoed throughout the building.

Hiccup stared at him with shock before looking over and found the exact same expression on his cousin's face. Apparently he didn't expect that kind of reaction. After a moment, Toothless finally calmed down and let out an exaggerated sigh as he fluidly stood up from his seat.

"I gotta admitâ€|that is pretty impressiveâ€|walking up and say that in my face," then he faced Snotlout, who visibly flinched when he noticed a relaxed smile on his face. Probably too relaxedâ€|

"And I have no idea that I'm quite infamous around this town, even though I didn't get out much." He let out a dramatic sigh as he shrugged. "It's quite sad, really. I mean, a few years as a recluse and already you got rumors flying around you. But hey, what can you do? Kept the imagination flowing like water and the girls swooning," Toothless looked over and spotted a small group of young girls and flirtatiously winked at them. The result was in his favor as they swoon.

Snotlout scowled at this, he really tried to impress the girls with his muscles for years! Mostly Astrid, since she's the most beautiful girl in the villageâ€|but this guy, it just comes naturally to him,

and he wasn't even humanâ€|

Or so he had heard.

"HOWEVERâ€|" Snotlout blinked as he regained his attention on the other man. Waitâ€|when did he get in front of him!? "As much as I am amazed on how much balls you have, there is one thing that I won't standâ€|"

Before he could even react, Snotlout felt nothing underneath his feet as Toothless effortlessly lifted him off of the ground, just by holding him by the collar with an amazing strength that he could only witness from either the Chief or his own father. He felt something twist in his stomach by the way that the dark-haired man glared at him with pure viciousness that he had never seen before.

"â€|is an arrogant prick like you insulting MY Hiccup in front of me." He sneered at him, revealing sharp looking canines. "And I don't take that very kindly."

He barely made notice of scrapping chairs (and an occasional thud) and the metal scrapping as every man and woman whipped out their weapon. He doesn't careâ€|they're nothing but mere toys to him. Besides, this irritating little hatchling should learn a lesson.

His sensitive ears picked up a sigh behind him, Toothless glanced over a bit to find Hiccup staring up at him, undisturbed by the fact that he is threatening his cousin. Or that everyone was their weapons drawn out.

"Please drop himâ€|it's not worth the effort."

Snotlout was shocked at how relaxed Hiccup sounded, not even the fact that he is in danger fazed him! What surprised him even further is the response.

"Don't worry, I'm still holding up my promiseâ€|" he reassured him, he could almost hear a sound of tenderness in his voice. Tender? For the Useless?! "Besidesâ€|someone needs to put him in his place."

Then Toothless turned back to him, his electric green eyes narrowed at him. Daring to let him see what happens if he makes a witty retort.

"Now listen here, Snotfaceâ€|" he growled, his threatening tone was different from the one he used for Hiccup. The latter was too busy trying not to soil his pants to correct him, something inside of his head was telling him that it would be a bad idea. "If I find you trying to mess with Hiccup again, I will find out where. You. LIVE." He spoke each word as if they're separate sentences, but managed to get the point across. Toothless pulled him closer, revealing his sharp teeth. Snotlout could only do so much to inch his head away, afraid that he might bite his nose off. "You got it through your thick skull?"

A gulp was heard as Snotlout rapidly nodded, showing that he understood. He was hoping that the other teen will show a bit of mercy.

Thankfully, he seemed satisfied. "Goodâ€|" then he released his hold on his collar, allowing gravity do its wonders and bring Snotlout down on his ass. A grunt of pain was heard but Toothless ignored him. The dark-haired man turned back to Hiccup, a loving smile adorn back on his lips.

"Nowâ€|where were we?" there was a purr in the way he spoke as Toothless took his seat next to Hiccup once more.

The redhead smiled back as he wordlessly scooted closer to him, not before bringing their breakfast. They tuned out the world around them while Toothless took out a piece of fish and brought it to Hiccup's lips, to which that the other boy accepted the piece. Embarrassed by the open act of affection between the two, everyone in the building awkwardly placed their weapons away as they went back to what they're previously doing. All the while trying to ignore the sight of Snoutlout pathetically crawls away from Toothless' and Hiccup's table, slowly as possible, hoping that he wouldn't anger the dragon any further.

This has become an interesting morning for Berkâ€|

\* \* \*

><p>Please leave a critique andor review

#### 4. Chapter 4: Astrid

Please enjoy the next Berk villager reaction chapter/fourth installment of Out of the Tulgey Wood and into Berk village! Featuring a certain shieldmaiden who made the axe her companion cube!

Warning: This chapter may feature one or few of the characters experiencing a sudden case of OOC symptom, viewer discretion is advised.

I still do not own either Alice in Wonderland series or How to Train Your Dragon, they are both respectively owned by Lewis Carrol and Cressida Cowell.

Out of the Tulgey Wood chapter 4: Astrid

\* \* \*

><p><em>Thunkâ€|<em>

\_Thunkâ€|\_

\_Thunkâ€|\_

Gods, she would never get tired of that sound, every time she tosses her axe into the tree as the blade embedded itself into the thick bark. This is her normal routineâ€|wake up at the crack of dawn, head out to the woods (but not too near of the Tulgey Wood territory), and train. Rinse, lather, and repeat.

However, there are other uses such as stress relief.

Astrid yanked her axe out of the tree before flinging it to the next one to be its victim.

Damn that felt good.

She is considered the prime example of a shieldmaiden.  
Strong&#128|tough&#128|never afraid of anything&#128|

Taken the traditions to heart and know that certain forces within the Tulgey Wood are never to be trifled with.

However, just about yesterday&#128|that all changed.

From what she heard from Fishlegs, Snotlout dared Hiccup, the village runt, to venture out into the woods to bring back the head or heart of the fearsome Jabberwock. Astrid honestly thought that he wouldn't even take up a dare like that&#128|but she was proven wrong when the next morning, she noticed that only Gobber was at the forge.

And Hiccup was nowhere in sight&#128|

As usual, Snotlout will be getting an earful from the village chief when he finds out about this. And lo and behold, he does. That is until Stoick shows the reason why he is the leader of their village&#128|she knew that fear is a sign of weakness. But not once Astrid has witnessed such a fury since the death of his wife. Just seeing it up close and personal is&#128|frightening.

Then next thing she knew&#128|Hiccup suddenly shows up, all alive and well.

Only he didn't come back alone.

With him was probably the most handsome man that she had ever seen. The only way to describe his appearance is the work of gods. A strong jawline, high cheekbones, lean but slightly muscular body&#128|he is an ideal man of any woman's dreams; the very definition of "tall, dark, and handsome" type. Astrid rolled her eyes as she recalled the village girls gush over him, saying that he is better looking than Snotlout. Well, actually&#128|he's better than ALL of the men in their village. She could give him points for that&#128|but while she doesn't feel attracted to him as they are (Astrid have standards, after all), for some odd reason, seeing Hiccup with that man somehow made her heart twist uncomfortably underneath her ribcage.

Hiccup&#128|

The village runt&#128|Disaster personified&#128|the accident prone idiot who doesn't seem to fit the ideals of Viking tradition!

So weak&#128|so clumsy&#128|

But yet&#128|that part of him is kind of adorable&#128|

Astrid blinked as she gripped the handle of her axe. Did she think of him as adorable just now?!

She gritted her teeth as her knuckles became white, because of how hard her grip was around the handle. Then with a roar, Astrid pulled her double axe out so hard out of the bark that she used the rush to

give her enough strength to blindly split another tree down the middle. It only left behind a ragged split, leaving the blade deep within the bark. Astrid was breathing heavily a result, glaring at the tree; she didn't know whether it was from adrenaline rush or frustration.

Howâ€|how could she, Astrid Hofferson, the upcoming Viking warrior and best shieldmaiden, would think that someone likeâ€|likeâ€|Hiccupâ€|be adorable!

All Hiccup ever did was rely on inventing those un-Viking-like contraptionsâ€|and draw those silly picturesâ€|yet they're kind of goodâ€|

But he only thing that he was good for was sharpening weaponry and repairs!

â€|.Though, he did rebalance her axe one timeâ€|.

Noâ€|NO!

He's Hiccup the Useless! Always was and will be! There is no way that he could take on the Chieftain duties, even if Stoick allow it!

After having a moment of clashing views on the said boy, Astrid took a moment to take a deep breath and exhaled slowly. She had done this a few times, until she was finally calmed down a bit, even though she was still feeling a bit tense and rigid.

Even though Hiccup doesn't fit the Viking wayâ€|there is something about him that she couldn't help but admire. Andâ€|he wasn't like his idiot cousin, while the latter use lame (and often lewd) pickup lines, Hiccup on the other hand, just fumble over his words. But he's mostly sincereâ€|andâ€|sweetâ€|

His sarcasm is kinda funnyâ€|

â€|And he also has the cutest smileâ€|

A frustrated growl escaped from her lips as she stalked over to the tree and practically ripped her axe out of the bark, marring it further.

How is it that someone like him made her feel soâ€|soâ€|

"â€|girlyâ€|?" Astrid sighed as she lightly tapped her forehead against the mangled tree. Looking back, she wasn't too proud on how she treated him when they are childrenâ€|but he was the only one who actually respected her just by being, well, Hiccup. Not to mention that he's really, really sweet.

And truthfullyâ€|that is one of the things she liked about him.

But now, he has the Jabberwock to worry about. Now that she thought about it, when Hiccup came back to the village with the creature - which she found out was called Toothless; only Thor knows why- Astrid noticed that, not once when he returned, Hiccup glanced at her way.

It was like he had forgotten about her in one night. The only thing that got his attention is that cursed so-called dragon!

What is even stranger is that the Jabberwock gave her an evil eye when he found her staring at them—it was like he was going to bite her head off if she would even dare to make one step towards them. Not to mention, when Hiccup mentioned certain terms to the bet, he looked up to the taller teen with adoration.

The same adoration that he once held for her—

Another sigh escaped from her lips again before looking up to the sky. Almost noon, and she skipped breakfast in favor of releasing stress. The thought of food made her stomach growl in protest, making Astrid frown.

"I guess, I could make it for brunch," she muttered to herself before making her way back to the village through a familiar path.

Maybe she can think more clearly if she has something in her stomach—

\* \* \*

><p>Berk Village—<p>

When she finally got back to the village, Astrid passes by some girls who were chattering animatedly among themselves. She inwardly rolled her eyes at this—sometimes she was glad that she's not like them. At least she's doing something more productive than gossip—and gush over boys...

"It's true! I really saw the whole thing!" one of them spoke up, a little bit too excitedly. "That Jabberwock guy had finally done something that hasn't been done in a long time—he finally placed that snot-face Snotlout in his place!"

The sound of multiple gasps was heard as the girls drew near, while Astrid was slowing her pace down.

"Really?" the other girl asked, sounding amazed.

The gossipier nodded. "Yeah, and he did that to defend Hiccup!"

Those words alone made Astrid stop in her tracks.

Hiccup—?!

"Seriously? What's so special about him?"

That is a good question—she has been wondering on what kind of method he used to tame the Jabberwock.

"I don't know all the details, maybe it was because of that stupid bet that Snotlout made—but this is Odin's honest truth, Hiccup and the Jabberwock are eating breakfast AND flirting!"

There were even louder gasps before being erupted into girlish



giggles, as if it was the most scandalous thing since that one incident that Ruffnut had beaten her brother with a piece of fish. However, Astrid wasn't sure.

Hiccup isn't like thatâ€¦

As far as she could remember, whenever Hiccup looked at her, he always has that look of admiration for her. But now that look is directed at that Jabberwock.

\_I had to talk to Hiccup about thisâ€¦\_Astrid thought to herself.

With that goal in mind, Astrid made her way to the Great Hall, deciding that brunch should wait a bit longer.

\* \* \*

><p>Outside of Great Hallâ€¦<p>

Astrid finally head over to the building where both meals and important meetings were held. She was about to head inside, until she saw the familiar mop of auburn hair and slim figure heading over to Gobber's forge. A small but genuine smile grew on her lips as she was about to wave at him with her free hand.

"Hicâ€¦" she was about to call out but cut short when she saw a certain someone walking up to him.

The damned Jabberwockâ€¦that Toothless guyâ€¦

Astrid watched as the taller man walked over to Hiccup with two pieces of cake, making Hiccup's face lit up at his presence. Toothless must have said something that made the smaller boy laugh as he took his share of the cake from him. Already she could feel that nagging, yet really painful, twist in her chest. It wasn't like she had felt beforeâ€¦

Sure she was wishing that she could get cut or burned as a badge of courage from battle, but this is different.

She couldn't recall her parents describing this kind of pain in their youth or any time before she was born.

The shieldmaiden grimaced when the dark-haired man bent down to place a loving kiss upon Hiccup's cheek, completely without shame. What really made her tighten her hold around the axe handle is the way the smaller boy reacted to that, he smiled.

Not at all bothered at the fact that they're both menâ€¦

Astrid ground her teeth- actually \_ground\_- and before she could even think, her legs went on autopilot and stalk towards the two. Her axe was slightly shaking in her hand in the process, as if thirsting for blood.

"YOU!" she practically roared.

That seemed to gain both of their attention, along with their reactions.

Hiccup seemed to have gotten a few feet off of the ground, barely caught his cake in the process, before whipping his head to see her, looking like a rabbit that was cornered by a wolf.

The Jabberwock, on the other hand, just nonchalantly turned to the side. As if he just laid eyes on the most boring thing in existence. The mere thought of that indication actually made her see red. Fortunately, Hiccup was there, being his usual self. Although he does look scaredâ€¦

"A-Astrid! Hey-hey, Astridâ€¦hi, Astridâ€¦" then he stopped himself when he realized that he was sounding like a babbling idiot. Which he usually does back when he still had a crush on herâ€¦

Back in the day, he would just fumble over his words while trying to make a conversation with his crush. Though right now, not only he couldn't feel anything for her now (no longer a crush, but he doesn't know if they could be considered friends since theyâ€¦rarely interacted), Hiccup was wondering what might have set Astrid off in a wrong way.

He had learned long ago that she could hold a grudgeâ€¦and her temper is enough to scare all livestock to not produce any milk or eggs. Oh and her way of solving her problems involve weapons. Lots and lots of weaponsâ€¦

But still, couldn't hurt but to be civil, right?

"Umâ€¦do you have a good morning?"

Astrid seemed to have ignored his question as she glared at Toothless.

"What is IT doing here?!" she questioned, pointing at the taller man with her axe.

Well, so much for being civilâ€¦wait, did she just refer to Toothless as an "it"?

Toothless seemed to be unimpressed as he stared at her blankly for a good moment.

"I'm sorry but who are you?" it was a genuine question, but from his tone, he sounded like he wouldn't give a two copper pieces of whatever business she has to offer. A small smirk played upon his lips when he sees the blonde girl getting more aggravated, a growl escaped from her lips as she snarled at him like a beast.

This is going to be a fun morning for himâ€¦maybe this one will be more fun than that snot-faced idiot.

Hiccup seemed to be oblivious, still wondering why Astrid, of all people, would be angry at Toothless. This is the first time that they have been properly introduced after all.

"Alrightâ€¦introductionsâ€¦" he chuckled awkwardly, hoping to break the tension. "Toothless, this is Astrid Hofferson." Then he looked over to Astrid, who is still glaring at the brunet. "Astrid, this is

Toothless. The Jabberwockâ€| "

"I knowâ€|" she spoke to him, for the first time, mind you. "I just couldn't believe it."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Toothless stated. "How is it even possible that you managed to make it seem like you have a bigger pair of junk than the last guy. What's his name againâ€|Snotface? Booger Idiot?"

The dragon inwardly grinned to himself as he watched the shieldmaiden grit teeth, marring her beautiful face. Her cheeks were flushed with red, from anger or embarrassment, he does not know. Both are the possibility.

"Whatâ€|what did you say?" she growled out.

Hiccup gulped as he looked between Toothless and Astrid. Already she had the look that can kill a man. And what was Toothless thinking?! Was he trying to pick a fight with her?!

"Oh, nothing," he replied nonchalantly. "It's just that I'm pointing out that you're quite buff for a female. Or, should I describe you as 'she-male'?"

Of course, he's trying to pick a fight with her!

If there are at least a 1000 Worst Case Scenarios, this is definitely one of them. Toothless, the legendary Jabberwock of the Tulgey Wood, pitting against Astrid Hofferson, possibly the strongest girl of their generation. Duking out in the middle of the villageâ€|

This could be worse than the upcoming battle between Thor and Lokiâ€|but that's another story.

Sensing a storm brewing, Hiccup thought it might be a good time to move back a few steps, in case it gets ugly, which is getting there real fastâ€|

Astrid practically looked maniacal and with a roar, she swung her axe upwards before bringing it down to slice Toothless.

"Toothless!" he cried out.

Everything went into slow motion for a second; he could have sworn that there was a smirk played about on Toothless' lips before time resume its normal pace again. Hiccup must have blinked but he did let out a gasp of amazement when he saw Toothless sidestepping away from Astrid's blow and was gripping her dominant hand which held the axe.

"Is that all you got?" he asked smugly.

Anger flashed through her icy blue eyes as she glared up at him. That arrogant littleâ€|

"Don't UNDERESTIMATE ME!" as soon as she spoke those words, Astrid yanked her hand out of his grip before swinging a left hook, hoping to punch away that irksome smirk. A growl of frustration was heard when she missed again, growing more and more irritated each time the

raven-haired man dodged her every move.

All the while keeping the cake he has intact.

"Keep still!" Toothless only grinned as he dodged another swing and kept continuing this dance while at the same time wordlessly taunting her. All the while Hiccup was just watching as he enjoyed his cake.

"This is really good cakeâ€|" he commented as he took another bite before looking up. "How'd you get this?"

The dark-haired man elegantly maneuvered out of Astrid's way, like a snake upon still water. "Came across this bakery while you made sure that no one is gonna ambush us when our backs are turned," he answered. "This lady is generous enough to give two pieces for freeâ€|" As soon as his back hits the wall, the blonde girl sees it as her chance to corner him.

However Toothless just smiled as he simply moved his head out of the blade's way, hearing the wood split beside him.

"I think it's my dashing good looksâ€|" then he looked over and gave Hiccup a saucy wink, feeling satisfied when he saw red blooming on the smaller boy's cheeks. Astrid seemed to notice this and formed her free hand into a fist.

"As if, \_Toothless\_!" She snarled, spitting out his name as if it were a curse. "Which you WILL be living up to your name!" Then Astrid threw her fist forward to his face, full intent on bashing his teeth out.

Toothless glanced up at her and quickly blocked her fist, gripping her hand tightly in her palm as he looked straight at her glaring face. His expression was calm and composed, contrasting to his arrogant behavior earlier.

"â€|I think I have enough of work out for one morningâ€|time to end this trivial matter."

He tossed his cake up into the air, momentarily distracted the shieldmaiden. Toothless used that opportunity to his advantage to quickly twist her wrist to strike a pressure point in the middle of her palm with only two fingers. Astrid gasped when she felt pain shot throughout of her entire hand, leaving her no choice but to release her hold on the axe, only to realize the one thing that it lead to her downfall.

Toothless rammed his head forward into a hard head-butt, causing her to stumble backwards, holding her injured head as she groaned in pain. He smiled in triumph as he casually held his hand palm up to effortlessly catch his cake before taking a bite out of it.

"â€|You're right, Hiccup, it is good." He spoke, looking over to Hiccup's direction, acting as if the fight that happened between him and Astrid never happened.

The auburn boy gave her a small smile as he turned to the shieldmaiden who quickly regained her composure. Maybe it was time

for him to finally make his say in this. "Astrid, what is wrong with you?" he asked, again, attempting to be civil. "I mean, I can understand if you have some badâ€¦" then he paused as he thought over his words for a moment. This is, after all, Astrid, he was talking to here. Surprisingly, the Norns are strangely kind to him todayâ€¦

"\_Really\_ bad mornings as much as everyone else, but you don't have to take it out on Toothless. It would leave a bad impression on you."

Normally he would think about the consequences about talking to Astrid. But if he took a moment to think about it, Hiccup would have realized that he's a bit more-dare he say it?-confident.

Confidentâ€¦not to mention a bit bolder by the way he spoke to Astridâ€¦he had never thought that it would be possible, even for him.

But now that he is with Toothless (which he is still wondering what is the nature of their relationship is), Hiccup is suddenly more comfortable enough to walk around the village with ease. This morning at breakfast proved that, Snotlout haven't even made another attempt to mess with him after Toothless made that threat to him.

Anyway, back to the current situationâ€¦

Now that he is talking to her, why in Helhiem is she angry at Toothless?!

Astrid looked up to him as soon as she recovered. Since when did Hiccup grow a backbone?

But more importantlyâ€¦doesn't HE know what he was doing?! With thatâ€¦thatâ€¦thing?!

"What's wrong with me?" she questioned as she stood up straight before glaring at Hiccup, who didn't budge an inch. "What's wrong with me?! The real question is what's wrong with you!?" Astrid jabbed a finger at Hiccup's face, making him bend backwards so that he wouldn't get his eye poked out.

Already, Toothless was about to make a move, in any case she does something.

Hiccup just blinked owlshly as he looked at her.

"â€¦me?" he asked innocently, pointing at himself. Now what did \_he\_ do?! Other than existing that is.

"Yes, you!" Astrid roared, jabbing her finger forward again which forced Hiccup to take a step backwards to get away from it. "How in the name of all Nine Worlds are you ok about associating withâ€¦with that THING!" to place an emphasis on the last part, she shifted her pointing finger over to Toothless. The said dark-haired man stared at her with an elegant dark eyebrow raised at such a comment.

"Is that all you can come up with?" he questioned, sounding almost disappointed.

A growl was his only response as Astrid shot daggers at him, Toothless just shrug it off. He had to admit, she's quite goodâ€|that attitude of hers desperately need some fixing. However, even though he could relax at the fact that she won't be attacking him, doesn't mean that he shouldn't drop his guard for a minute when it concerns Hiccup. He fixated his attention on the blonde girl, just in case she does something while at the same time sending her a glare of his own.

"How am Iâ€|why does that concern you?!" Hiccup's voice broke their glare off, regaining their attention. He remained oblivious their miniature glare off and continued speaking. "Just because I'm with Toothless now, doesn't make it your business why I hang out with him!"

"Hiccupâ€|he's the JABBERWOCK," she placed a huge emphasis on Toothless' species to get her point across, her expression was hardened and serious. "He's the King of the Tulgey Wood with jaws that bite and claws that snatchâ€|and top of all, he's a guy!"

The auburn-haired boy blinked at this. Wellâ€|he already knew all thatâ€|but for the last partâ€|

"Your point being?" it was a genuine question out of curiosity.

His answer from the shieldmaiden came in the form of a frustrated sigh. He was half-expecting her to punch him or something but thankfully she did none of those things.

"You two are guysâ€|you can'tâ€|you can'tâ€|." then all words fell from her lips when she couldn't voice out the very thing that she witnessed.

"Can'tâ€|\_what\_?"

To his surprise, her intense, hardened face suddenly softens. He had never seen that kind of look on her before. First her actually going out of her way and now this, what changed?

"Becauseâ€|umâ€|Iâ€|uh..."

It seemed that she was having a hard time coming up something to say to him, yet another thing that is un-Astrid-like of her. In fact, she seemed to be fidgeting a bit! This is too bizarre, even for his standards.

Maybe it was because that he brought back the Jabberwockâ€|nah, that's too easy.

Normally speaking on what is on her mind is no impossible feat for her, disregarding any feelings being offended; thus giving a whole new meaning of "brutal honesty". Her favorite form of advice is Honey and Hatchet, tell someone what they have to hear (the honey) before hitting them right in the head with something they don't (the hatchet). With Hiccup, it was no different, (mostly providing the hatchet part). Whenever try to talk to her, she tend to tell him off without any problem.

Howeverâ€|right now, it's not as easy.

\_Damn it to the Gods and back!\_ She mentally cursed to herself. \_Why can't I just speak to him like I normally would?!\_

As if, just telling him off from only one or few words are considered speaking to him.

Hiccup was just standing there, staring straight at her while waiting for her response. Somehow, she now knew how he felt whenever the redhead tried to talk to her occasionally.

A loud groan was heard, breaking Hiccup's attention away from her before settling on the Jabberwock, who looked absolutely bored. "This is a waste of time," he drawled, looking over to Hiccup. "Did you say that your workplace will be a bit busy if that Goober guy came along? I highly doubt that I would get to the grand tour that way."

A small smile played on the smaller boy's lips. "It's \_Gobber\_, Toothless, you're making it sound like some sort of nut." Astrid took note that his tone has a slight teasing air to it. If that were directed to her, she would have taken whatever he said seriously and punched him without a second thought. She straightened up a bit when Hiccup returned his attention back to her.

"I'm sorry, Astrid, but can we, um, talk another time? I'm kinda busy."

As soon as he said those words, Astrid just stared at him in disbelief, she vaguely noticed her heart had stopped for a second there and the uncomfortable twisting knot in her stomach. Hiccup was expecting her answer once more; it was amazing how patient he could be.

Patientâ€|another trait that is considered un-Viking-likeâ€|

The only thing she could possibly doâ€|was nod.

He seemed to be satisfied as he smiled a bit.

"Alright, I'll be seeing you laterâ€|" that was the last thing he could say, before leaving withâ€|\_Toothless\_â€|to head over the forge. Leaving her alone with just her and the axe that was still embedded at the side of the random building.

It took a while for her to have those factors sink into her brain, before Astrid gritted her teeth and ripped her axe out of the wall, leaving behind a bigger crack to the point where you can peek inside.

Whyâ€|why couldn't she just admit it?! Sure, he wasn't the strongest examples of their village, but in a way, that makes him unique. And of course, she just shrugged it off as just him being weak. But when he brought the Jabberwock back, everything (sort of) changedâ€|and maybe him being unique is not so bad after all.

And it took her this long to realize thatâ€|

If karma is a human and a womanâ€|she is definitely cruel.

Butâ€|she's a shieldmaiden. A future Vikingâ€|she doesn't cry so easilyâ€|

She's a fighter, and failure is NEVER the option.

\* \* \*

><p>Author note(s):<p>

Snotface â€" This is a call-back from the last chapter, Snotlout's full name (I think is actually Snotface Snotlout Jorgenson from the original novel series.

Before anyoneâ€|anyone who is a fan of Astridâ€|jump down in my throat and send me a flame-heated comment on how I bashed her. Please note that I don't mind her character, I actually respect her as an awesome example of a strong, confident young woman who knows how to kick ass and take names. It's just that I don't think she's right for Hiccup as a love interest in my opinion. (Took me another look at the film to see that). Plus, Toothless seemed to be the type to get under her skin. And also, I'm sorry if this chapter seemed rushed, but there is a possibility that we might see more of her. Maybeâ€|we'll see in the next chapter of Berk Villager's Reaction POV!

## 5. Chapter 5: Gobber

After a year of trying to overcome that cursed writer's block...I finally did it. I finally got Gobber's reaction chapter done! And it's a good thing that I watched all that Assassin's Creed :D

Yes, yes I made a terrible joke, and for that, I apologize. Anyways, I hope this is worth the wait and I apologize before hand on any mistakes that I have overlooked. Please enjoy.

Oh and before I forget...this is for CrossoverAUman concerning about his review in Jabberwocky:

When you say that the story has terrible spelling and grammar but according to reviews that I have, they are well written compared to other ToothCup related stories on this site. I have checked not once but two to three times just to make sure that they are correct and sent them over to a beta just in case I overlooked any structure. I still struggle over my past and present tenses but I tried to overcome that, and still am today. I know that you're trying to help, I do, but not in a critique fashion that I needed. So if you claim that it is a good story but with terrible spelling and grammar why bother not only reading but following the sequel Out of the Tulgey Wood?

\* \* \*

><p>Out of the Tulgey Wood chapter 5: Gobber<p>

\* \* \*

><p>He had seen many things during his travels in the dreaded Tulgey Wood. Horrible thingsâ€|<p>



He barely escaped by the skin of his teeth from the frumious Bandersnatch...

Had seen his hand slide down the throat of the JubJub Bird

Lost a few toes on his left foot during the hunting of the legendary Snark. (And then losing the rest of his foot to the JubJub Bird again)

But never in his life would that he actually see the appearance of the dreaded Tulgey Wood King himself

The Jabberwocky

Needless to say, Gobber couldn't help but feel disappointed.

From the tales that he heard from his great-great-great grandfather, Bork the Bold (or Bork the Very, Very, Unfortunate), he described the creature as "a fearsome creature that was cloaked by the night, and the only sound you hear as a screech and a burble". At that time, he pictured a dragon like creature with long neck and whiskers, sharp teeth, and huge glowing eyes like the Devil himself.

But since yesterday all he saw was a young man with a pretty face. With hands that can't seem to get away from Hiccup.

So there he is, just making some quick fix ups from shield rims to mending broken utensils in the morning. He supposed that he would wait for Hiccup instead of rousing up for the usual shift, not after witnessing an uproar from their village yesterday concerning about bringing the so-called dreaded beast home. After all, it wasn't every day for someone like Hiccup to be overwhelmed by this newfound attention.

Not to mention to be so close (for a better lack of term) to a powerful beast.

Who is rather fond of him huh, that was new.

A sigh escaped from the mustached man as he used his hammer prosthetic to shape the metal.

As he does so, he heard some sort of scuffle nearby and just shrugged it off before continue working. Just another day in Berk, there tend to be some debates that often are settled with fists. Mostly with fists some Berkians think that using the head is considered an unsavory option. What really caught his attention is what happened next.

"So, where did you learn those moves?" Hiccup there was no doubt on his mind; he would now that slightly nasal voice anywhere. Gobber looked up from his work and saw the familiar mop of auburn hair walking in, with a piece of breakfast cake in his hand. He was still accompanied by the man who claimed to be the dreaded dragon-like beast.

"I've got years of experience" his smooth tenor voice, almost sound like a purr. Then light-green eyes became half-lidded as he leaned in to Hiccup's personal bubble, causing the smaller back to lean against the frame of the forge entrance. "Ya know if you're

reeeeeally that interested in learning my movesâ€|maybe I could show you someâ€|\_private lessons\_."

The way he spoke the last two words made it sound like he was referring to somethingâ€|not so innocent. Gobber narrowed at this when Hiccup blushed a bit, and decide to make his presence known in his own special way.

"Eh, is there anything I can help yeh with?" Well, as nice as he could get. As Hiccup's godfather, it was his duty to make sure that Stoick's son is safe, AT ALL TIMES. That means from this lad's grabby mitts.

He earned two different reactions from the boys; Hiccup stared at him in surprise and embarrassment, while the "Jabberwock" seemed to beâ€|annoyed?

Well, whateverâ€|

"G-Gobber! Hi-heyâ€|I didn't know that you're working today," Hiccup greeted, trying to hide his embarrassment but to no avail.

The mustached man just shrugged as he studied the lad, not paying attention to the so-called Jabberwock. "So what are yeh doin' here?" he asked casually. "I assumed that yer gettin' some time off after that hullabaloo yesterday."

Hiccup straightened himself up before responding to his godfather and close friend. "Well, I thought that maybe to give my friend here a tour of the village." As he said that, Toothless let out a low purr as he wrapped his arms around Hiccup's waist from behind.

Gobber, as always, was not amused. Still holding the blank poker face, he pointed his hammer prosthetic at the so-called dragon's face.

"You, hands off of 'im," then he moved his hammer hand to Hiccup's. "Youâ€|"

There was a pause for a moment as the two young men stared at him as he tried to think of something. That has taken at least about 60 seconds (by Hiccup's count), until Gobber finally thought of something.

"â€|Stay on your toes. Especially around the lot like thisâ€|Toothless." with that said, the mustached man resumed his work back on the piece of metal, filling the shop with the rhythmic sounds of metal clanging against metal once more.

The redhead just blinked in confusion as Toothless grumbled but complied to the blacksmith's kindly recommendation, only with slight hesitation on his part.

"Ohâ€|okayâ€|" Hiccup spoke out before turning to the taller teen, completely clueless about Gobber's advice on keeping his guard up around Toothless. It's not like he's TOO dangerous (this morning proved it), he does have his sweet side. Maybe he was just being too overprotective of him. That had to be it.

"Toothless, would you like see my workplace?"

\_CLUNG\_

Gobber didn't realize it but he was pretty sure that it would leave a rather huge dent on the rim for a barrel. Hiccup almost never let anyone into his workplace before, not even him. Granted that the workplace that he gave him was quite small (and Hiccup is the very definition of small), but still. As much he hated to admit it, it kinda hurtsâ€|

Despite the Viking "etiquette", they do have feelings. Just...not good at expressing them...

From the corner of his eye, he saw the dark-haired lad grin rather lewdly as he stared down at his host.

"Of course, I would \_love\_ to see itâ€|"

The boy had to be daft when he didn't notice the low purr that the taller teen have emitted, his gut is telling him that he has some not so innocent plans for Hiccup.

Nope! Not gonna happen, not on his watch!

"Now wait just a minute!" Gobber finally spoke up, regaining Toothless and Hiccup's attention. He could see the dark-haired teen rolled his eyes as he exhaled through his nostrils before glaring at him. If the saying "looks that can kill" be true, Gobber would have been in bloody pieces within seconds. Not that it matters nowâ€|

"What is it?" Toothless drawled. "We're in a middle of bonding time."

"Bonding time, my foot," Gobber said, glaring back at him.

The dark-haired teen blinked before looking down at the latter's feet, smirking. "You only have one real foot, sir," he noted sarcastically.

The older man ignored that comment as he glared at him. "Oh, shut yer gob! Besides, I don't approve of that so-called "bonding time" yer showin' to Hiccup!" Gobber waved his hammer prosthetic as an emphasis while making his statement. The young boy blinked and stared at him in confusion, making the mustached man wanting to face-palm himself.

Honestly, is that boy THAT daft!?

Apparently he was starting to understand how Hiccup feels in situations like thisâ€|

"And besidesâ€|" Gobber continued. "I did not believe that this pretty boy over here," he gestured over to Toothless who pointed at himself in questioning. "â€|is the Jabberwock!"

The two boys blinked as they stared at the large man after he got must of what he wanted to say off of his chest. Hiccup didn't know what to say or react to that and automatically turned to Toothless, which is becoming a habit lately. As expected, the other teen's face

is blank. Then as if someone flipped a switch, a cocky smirk split his face.

Of courseâ€¦please Odin, don't let him pick a fight with one (and only) favorite person in his village.

"Soâ€¦you don't believe that I'm the Jabberwock?" Toothless spoke up in bold confidence.

Gobber crossed his arms as he turned his nose up. "Not even for a second!"

Toothless, still smirking, mimicked his posture as if he was taking up a challenge. "I seeâ€¦"

Hiccup watched closely, just in case he had to play mediator in order to prevent another fight. But so far, they just have a staring contest, neither one is daring to blink. He shifted his gaze on one man to another, unsure what to do. While Gobber looked defiant, Toothless still maintained his cocky confidence.

After a few minutes, one of them finally spoke up.

"How about this, Old Man: if I tell you something that only \_you\_ knowâ€¦you'll accept my being as the Jabberwock of legends?"

Gobber seemed to be surprised but quickly maintained his composure. Fine then, it was not Viking-like to back down from a challenge. It's not manly of him if he just back down.

"Fine thenâ€¦so, what do yeh know?" he asked challengingly. There is no way that this lad know diddly squat about him. There are only three people that knew him like the back of his (remaining) handâ€¦Hiccup, Stoick, and more importantly, himself.

\_Go aheadâ€¦ask me anythin'â€¦my favorite colorâ€¦what mood do I sing my special songâ€¦how many spare hands I haveâ€¦\_

Toothless held his chin as he thought for a moment.

"Hmmâ€¦what do I know about you?" he spoke. Then after a while, he snapped his fingers. "Ah-HA! I got it!"

Then he looked up to him with a wide grin. "I know one thing that will make you believe me!"

A thick eyebrow was raised at this. "Oh? An' pray tell, what's dat?"

Toothless have a thoughtful look as he crossed his arms over his bare chest, while reminiscing a certain memory. "I recalled several years backâ€¦Carroll has been developing a taste for a unique type of meat that can't be found in the woods. Mentioning about two encounters with a lumbering man with the strange mustacheâ€¦"

Then he looked at him with a smirk. "Is that right?"

Gobber was confused. Never in his life, had he come across someone named "Carroll" during his and Stoick's travels in the Tulgey Wood. He doesn't know if it was a woman's name by the sound of it, but

nowadays most names are both masculine and feminine.

"Carroll? Who's dat?"

That is when that damnable smirk on that boy's face.

"Maybe you're more familiar with the termâ€|JubJub Bird?"

Gobber choked on his words when he mentioned that infernal beast's name. The JubJub Birdâ€|this boy knew that overgrown chicken!?

Toothless just casually shrugged as he continued to speak. "The buzzard was kept on talking about "the most delicious meat" in the woods, and was dissatisfied with whatever prey he caught." Then he sighed dramatically. "Always left behind half-eaten carcassesâ€|he's unintentionally making Lutwidge fat. Fortunately for guys like you and Hiccup's daddyâ€|"

He pointed at him for an emphasis. "I don't have to worry about his exercise schedule; you had no idea what I had to do to get him moving." Then he sighed dramatically. "But only time will tell if he keeps up with his work out now that I'm here. Oh well, c'est la vie."

The mustached man was literally speechlessâ€|only Stoick was there when he lost his arm and legâ€|only the kids know how he lost them (he told them during a cook out)â€|

But this young manâ€|this man that he can easily snap in half if he wanted toâ€|

How did he know all that?!

It was years ago! And that's when Hiccup could barely walk!

"Iâ€|youâ€|how didâ€|!?"

Gobber struggled to come up with something, such as to debunk whatever this lad was saying was a complete lie. Even say, "You lie!" just to wipe off the smug look on his face. However he is in a bind, there is no way that he can prove that. And besides, the Jabberwock lived as long as the Berk's founding leader. Of course, he would know! He is a man of his word, as much as it really hurts his pride (â€|really hurtsâ€|)

He had no other choiceâ€|

"Fineâ€|you win."

Toothless grinned in triumph, seeing that he won this battle of wits.

"So you accept me as the Tulgey Wood King?"

Gobber let out a "harrumph" as he looked away with his arms crossed. This made the younger man smirked wider.

A type that refused to admit to failure with grace, such a persistent

bunchâ€|

But first things firstâ€|

"How about you show me that workspace of yours, Hiccup?"

Hiccup beamed at the suggestion. He had to admit, he was worried that there could be another fight but this time he didn't have play middleman between two fighting parties.

"I would love to, come on, it's actually this wayâ€|"

The smaller boy then took Toothless' hand and led him over to the said work place. Leaving Gobber behind, staring after them dumbfounded. After a few minutes, and a few more, the realization of not only that cursed boy-no, dragon- had beaten him in wits but he's also alone with Hiccup. He could hear the excitement in the smallest Viking's voice, vaguely picking out the designs that he created to "improve the town a bit".

A heavy sigh was heard as he rubbed the small helmet on his head.

This town isn't going to be the sameâ€|oh, well, for nowâ€|

"â€|Back to work then."

\* \* \*

><p>The private lessons meme is rightfully originated in the <em>Legend of Korra</em>, the sequel/spin-off series of Avatar: the Last Airbender. Thank you, Tahno, for gracing us with your beautiful hair and smoooooth voice, even though you're a jerk.

Coming up next...Berk's resident dragon nerd.

## 6. Chapter 6: Fishlegs

It's been four months since I've updated this...no words can say how sorry I am. I can't make excuses for this...and for that I apologize. But I do hope that this would be worth the wait, I am not giving up this story, not now and not ever. I'm trying to get back on the bandwagon while at the same time balancing real life issues and editing.

Oh and just so everyone know, I have an account on AO3/Archive of Our Own, with WarriorNun as my username. There is a possibility that I might use that as my spare account just in face this site decides to take off my stories for some reason or no reason at all.

But let's not dilly dally, please enjoy this long awaited chapter of Out of the Tulgey Wood!

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 6: Fishlegs<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Bandersnatchâ€|power and Attack, plus 15 respectively<p>

JubJub Birdâ€|speed 11, stealth 17, flight 18-20

As long as he could remember, he throws himself to study about the flora and fauna of the Tulgey Wood. He even took a shine to Bork's manual concerning about the Tulgey Wood itself, written by Bork the Bold, Gobber's great-great-great grandfather. He had read at least seven times, and already he obtained the knowledge forwards and backwards.

From the greatest to the smallest of creatures, there is nothing that has evaded Fishlegs Ingerman.

Not even the legendary Snark which the book described to be known for "drowning a man in eternal agony and despair as he searches the seven seas fruitlessly, for it never stay on one island for more than seven sunrises and sets". Only Hope within the thimbles and forks catches its eye.

All but oneâ€|the Jabberwocky...

Attackâ€|powerâ€|speedâ€|all unknown.

Stealth, on the other handâ€|calculated to be over 9000.

Known to have quite a number of names, one of them describing him as the "Evasive Nidhog", you would never know where it might pop out of the darkness until it was too late. However since the foundation of the town, its form was never seen by those who dared to wander the Tulgey Wood. Though they have come across other creatures (and the most fearsome ones, where some of barely survived), the Jabberwock has eluded them, even Bork the Bold himself.

But once in a while, he could get a glimpse of his formâ€|saying that he is as black as night and eyes like the Devil himself.

The only way to ensure one's survival: find someplace to hide and pray that it won't find you.

When Snotlout dared Hiccup to venture into the Tulgey Wood to obtain the head or the heart of the Jabberwock two nights ago...since then Fishlegs had been regretting for not speaking up, or even show, even the slightest, that not everyone in Berk see him as the black sheep.

Maybe it was just his conscience nagging to him, but he could have said that it was a suicide mission at that timeâ€|but no, he had to keep his mouth shut if they still want him as a part of their group.

And as he watched Hiccup enter the woods, Fishlegs had a hard time sleeping that night.

Thinking up scenarios, each one is worse than the lastâ€|each one depicting Hiccup dying a horrifying death.

When Stoick found out the lack of presence of his only son, Fishlegs' conscious took over his mouth and blurting out the bet that Snotlout made with him the night before, risking ire from the largest teen

since Dogsbreath the Duhbrain.

But all that change when Hiccup came back to the village, alive and in one piece. Including the fact the smallest Viking also claimed that he brought back the actual Jabberwock, in the form of a young man.

Not what he picturedâ€|he was expecting the Jabberwock moreâ€|dragon-y.

At first, he was shockedâ€|and then excited.

If this guy claimed to be the Tulgey Wood King himself, then he, Fishlegs Ingerman, would be the first human being in existence to study the Jabberwock!

â€|well, second to be exactâ€|but stillâ€|

But if he have lived far back before the town was founded, he might have known more about the Bandersnatch and the JubJub Birdâ€|even the elusive Snark!

Maybe the legendary Cheshire catâ€|

Just thinking about it made him more excited as a small kid who found presents in his helmet on Snoggletog morning!

He had been thinking about on how to place in a good word to Hiccup to see if he can interview "Toothless". Well, it is tradition to have odd names to children in order to protect them from trolls and gnomes, so why question the Jabberwock's name?

Now here he is, walking around the streets of Berk, searching to see if he can catch a glimpse of Toothless and Hiccup with the manual in hand.

"They could be at the Forgeâ€|"

However, the Norns were smiling on him when he saw the certain couple walking out of the forge. They looked like they're in a middle of a conversation of some sort.

"There they areâ€|just when I needed them!" Fishlegs beamed as he made his way over to them.

This could be an educational experience.

\* \* \*

><p>"Seriously, how are you and thisâ€|?" There was a look of grimace on Toothless' face for a split second before continuing on what he was about to say. "â€|Snotloutâ€|related?"<p>

Hiccup just shrugged his shoulders as they stroll along the streets. "Well, if you wanna know the basicsâ€|he is my blood cousin, since my mom is the older sister of his father, who is my uncleâ€|"

"I get that, including how both sides are related via mating," Toothless spoke up, cutting him off. "But what I don't get is how someone like Snotlout is related to a cutie like you."



The younger boy blushed at the compliment as he looked away in embarrassment. "I'm not cuteâ€|" he muttered, almost pouting.

What he didn't see was a soft smile upon Toothless' face as he gazed at Hiccup's flustered expression. Just when he was about to say something, he was cut off by an unfamiliar voice.

"Hiccup!"

Toothless frowned at the interruption of their moment that was about to happen and noticed another local youngling lumbering over to them. He narrowed his eyes at his appearance; there was nothing unusual about him. Rather heavy-set, but looked rather skittish. The odd head-gear that he has seen a lot since he got here in this town was rather comical since its small size compared to his girth. That and he seemed to have a manuscript of some sort in his hands.

But all in all, he looked harmlessâ€|for now.

"Oh, hey, Fishlegs, what's up?" Well, Hiccup seemed to be civil around him, compared to his reactions to his cousin and that blonde girl that attempted to talk to him (and failed). So, Toothless would give this one the benefit of the doubt.

"I hear that you're showing the Jabberwock around, and if it's not too much troubleâ€|can I ask him a few questions?"

The two looked at each other for a brief moment, seemingly have some sort of mental connection before turning back to him.

"I don't see why not," Hiccup spoke up, shrugging. Then he looked over to the taller teen again. "Toothless?"

Toothless gave it a thought before letting out a soft sigh.

"Yeah, sure," then he turned his attention to the chubby boy before him. "So, Fishlegsâ€|right?"

This made the husky boy stutter a bit. "Ing-Ingerman! Fishlegs Ingerman! Nice to meet you!" he then stuck his hand out for a handshake, or what he was hoping that it is a proper way to greet a dragon. Is there some sort of complex way to greet?

Luckily for him, the dark-haired youth took his hand and gave it a brief and firm shake. Huh, so he does know some human customs, along with his above average intelligence. Perhapsâ€|even more. Note to self, gotta place that fact to Bork's Manuel later when he gets home.

"Pleasure," Toothless said before hooking his thumbs on the waistband. "So, fire awayâ€|what do you wanna know?"

That had placed Fishlegs on the spot. He was so excited about meeting the fabled Jabberwocky himself; he didn't know where to start, or even what kind of question that he should ask without even making himself look like a fool. Should Fishlegs ask about how fast he is? His strength level? Wing span? Jaw power?

What? What?!

Uh-oh, the Jabberwocky was getting impatient—or at least, he thinks that is what he assumed that he was feeling. Wait, does he feel like humans do?

"So—" he spoke out as he raised a dark eyebrow.

Oh no, he's getting impatient! Think, Fishlegs, think! What is the first thing that you wanna ask a legendary dragon in human form!?

Wait, human form? That's it!

"Can you show me your true form?"

Toothless blinked as he stared at him blankly, almost as if he was trying to comprehend on what he said.

"Excuse me?" he questioned.

Fishlegs gulped as he shifts his feet from side to side. "Your true form—" he repeated, trying to make his voice devoid of fear but failing at it. "A-according to Bork's Manuel, your other form only was described as dark as night and possess the eyes of the Devil himself. It's rather vague on the details."

Toothless stared at him for a moment before turning to Hiccup with a questioning glance.

"That bearded walrus wrote a book about me?" there was a hint of amusement in his voice. "I'm flattered."

Hiccup shrugged a bit as he gave him a crooked smile. "Well, a two page entry to be exact."

The Tulgey Wood King pouted at this, making the smaller teen chortle at the sight. Toothless let out a sigh before turning to Fishlegs. His childish pouting expression quickly shifted into an amused smile. "So, you wanna know my true form, right?" it was more of a rhetorical question.

"Well—um, yes," Fishlegs answered.

"You sure?" Toothless raised an eyebrow, staring at him skeptically.

"I am!"

"Positive?"

The chubby Viking nodded, practically grinning. "Of course I am!" judging by the tone of his voice, he is quite eager to see his other form. Hiccup had never seen him this excited since he is known for reading the manual at least seven times before becoming a human trivia; sprouting out random information whether a poor soul likes it or not. But he is valuable to the tribe in some way, if anything he can be the expert in the Tulgey Wood, both its flora and fauna.

The only downside is his rational fear of the said location.

He looked over to Toothless, staring at Fishlegs with a neutral expression before grinning widely.

"Well, I've been thinking about showing Hiccup my other form anyway," he commented, shrugging casually. "Alrighty, you want itâ€|you got it! Now let's find some place where no one can see us. It'sâ€|kinda embarrassing."

"I think I know a place," Hiccup spoke up. "Come on, I'll show ya."

The two followed the village heir out of the town and head into the location that was considered secluded, which was located by the vast meadows far as the eye can see, with the forest edge beyond the distance. It was beyond the premise of the town, giving them much needed seclusion of whatever form that the Jabberwock would reveal. Toothless used this opportunity to stretch out his limbs a bit and flex his neck around.

"I have to warn you to, it's been a while since I have done this," he cautioned them before taking a deep breath and exhaled.

What Hiccup and Fishlegs didn't expect were sickening sound of bone cracking and joints popping, along with pained groan escaping from his lips; his clenched teeth were sharpening as his eyes were becoming a sharper shade of yellow-green.

Fishlegs couldn't turn his eyes away, having no choice but to watch the transformation process before him. He didn't realize this, but he could have sworn that he could feel something travel up to his throat. He might be seeing what he had for breakfast soon.

\* \* \*

><p>"Never knew that was that painful," Hiccup commented as he and Toothless made their way back to the village. "How did you deal with it?"<p>

Toothless shrugged casually while keeping close to the smaller boy. "I just go to my happy place, I guess, that was all I've come up." Then he looked over his shoulder in questioning.

"Ya think that Fishlegs guy will be ok?"

Hiccup looked back as well. Behind them is the prone Fishlegs, and his chubby arms were being dragged by him and Toothless respectively.

"As long as we get him back to his home, he will be." He reassured him. "Maybe wake up screaming in terrorâ€|then gushing."

"â€|What have I done?"

"Taking up a request?"

"â€|You're lucky that you're cute."

\* \* \*

><p>Just so everyone know, I would try to set up a poll on which chapter I should write next. Might feature characters from books, animated series, or film.<p>

End  
file.